

DECEDRICK WALKER | *TRUST ISSUES*

I emerged with my beauty from ashes
some asked how I survived I said I did it through passion
how you deal with your pain I said I did it through laughing
couldn't lose how I sense my humor
heard a different rumor
wasn't you or homie who was the shooter
his only regret is that he didn't know it sooner
these dudes'll put your name in some shit
even down to the smallest detail of how you angled that blick
how many shots neighbors heard what homie said who was hit
who was there when you did it for you to call 'em a snitch
these the things we need to think about before going live
It's the image of a cell why I forewarn guys
I understand how trenches are shaped
the only thing that the twelves really do is pretend that it's safe
I done stared down barrels within an inch from my face
and each time that it happened I thought this is my fate

Hook:

Forgive me for my paranoia I got trust issues
They say time heal all wounds I say they stuck with you
It'll fuck with you keep ya head spinning
In the midst of the dead or the edge of living

I'm pioneering where they say there was a waste
where talks of equality are talks of equality
for me obviously I'm just competing to live
a bit disillusioned about what decency is
I think you should take notice of what I recently did
with every press that I push, I get increasingly big
and this is not me thinking that I corner the truth
just a remorse filled cat with access to a booth
yo in time I do hope that
I'm nowhere around where a dagger and cloak at
or all the blow back

just so happen I could see how the road is mapping
at the end a bunch of moms crying over caskets
still adapting refuse to lose my street accent
this is my olive branch, not a street tactic

DeCedrick Walker, a member of the Alternative Voices Project LLC (alternativevoicesproject@gmail.com), is a graduate of North Park University. He is also a researcher, public speaker, chess player, and published writer and poet, with essays, poems, and rap songs featured in The Peer Review, Feather Bricks newsletter, and a collaboration between North Park University, National Poetry Month, and North River Commission.

He loves when it's quiet.

DECEDRICK WALKER | *I GET IT*

I get, I get it

My mannerisms are abrasive

Abhorrent and R-rated

You on the outside lookin' on though

Since my days as a kid playin' Nintendo

I was implicit in innuendos

Plus my pops wasn't there

He was there, but wasn't there

I'm a product of being beaten and avoiding muzzle flares

What you see as a closed book? Is probably a puzzle there

You took the route that I took, you probably stumble there

I get it, I get it

I get it, I get it

Your perception and my reality clash

My beauty defines me, but you perceive it as ash

It's Muhammad, it's Cassius

But what it really is, is fascist

The depictions of a slaveowner, standards for my blackness

I get it

I get it, I get it

If I was to talk with my hands, you would deem me belligerent

Or aggressive

The extent of the equality message

A law for elites and a different law for us peasants

You only want Trump gone cuz he's a racist and reckless

But if we're really being real he embodies our essence

I get it

I get it, I get it

From shootouts to straight pimpin'

Dark secrets we can't mention

Tax cuts and late pensions

Do abortions blame infants?

What used to be a hole, I see the future in glimpses

I get it

I get it, I get it

The truth isn't straight or crooked, it's twisted

It's demented

To think that God is involved

Or to believe in a God makes it hard to evolve

Put the message on pause

I admit that I'm flawed

And not likely the right one to answer this call

But if Trump can be elected, your perception is fogged

Like I care if you fail to mention this in your blog

I get it

I get it

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